

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget
Your labour some and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Imo* angry.

Imo. Nay be breese?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head have care in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-quall'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And sit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus fare, and so fare well.

Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoke; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appare vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Condukt ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepey businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue bene too slight in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giuen to th'lowd of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmities,
She should that dutie leaue vnpaid to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue false.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisania*, her old Seruant
I haue not seene these two dayes.

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pisania, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he belceues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with seruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day. *Exit Qu.*

Clot. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-felles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, stands to her iudgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—
Enter Pisania.

Who is heere? What, are you packing firrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord,

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
He haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many waightes of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clot. All-worthy Villaine,
Discover where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Euen to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perishe,
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-
go those Imployments wherin I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truly, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
ment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue
mee?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pis. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mi-
stresse.

Clot. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

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Pis. I shall m

Clot. Meet th

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